

Mr Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

We have often remarked on the hard life of women in India. *The East*, a Dacca paper, of Jan. 25th, informs us of a married girl of eleven years of age, having committed suicide because she had been chastised by her mother. Think of this, a child married at eleven, and committing suicide. Surely Indian women should have our sympathy.

It is a curious fact that, in the Penal Code of France, which is drawn up with all the completeness, precision, and method so universally and so justly attributed to the French nation, there exists a remarkable lacuna. Duelling is omitted from the catalogue of offences with which it is to be found coupled in the laws of many communities which cannot boast the civilisation and enlightenment of our neighbours. Men can openly murder each other if both parties agree to the conditions, and be amenable to the law in the French code.

THE English newspapers, some years ago, agreed to make no further mention of a notorious American, George Francis Train. The American papers, it would appear, have come to a similar understanding. But George desires publicity, and so he says he will blow his own horn, as we fear too many do, for we learn that, "George Francis Train has started a weekly newspaper, full of his characteristic utterances. He seems to have no political party, no religion, no creed, no system of anything, no God—nothing but George Francis Train; but he has that *ad nauseam*. He dates his paper 'January 27, P.E., 47,' which is explained to mean 'Psychological Era,' which begins with George Francis Train's birth, 47 years ago. In this second issue he claims to have 'abolished Anno Domini chronology and adopted his own age (47) as new departure date of Psychology Era.' He claims to be 'the most sane man in this mad world.'"

IN commemoration of the Queen being declared Empress of India, about 16,000 convicts have been released as an act of clemency and grace, and all civil prisoners whose debts did not exceed ten pounds, the debts being paid by Government. Very questionable acts of grace, especially setting the convicts at large.

ITALY has declared its seventeen universities open to women. The like action has been taken by Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. A ministerial order has been issued in Holland opening every university and gymnasium to women. France has also opened the Sorbonne to women, and Russia its highest schools of medicine and surgery.

THE death of Lady Smith, in her 104th year, formerly a member of the Unitarian Church at Norwich, remarkable as it is, is not more remarkable than the death of Susannah Stevenson in 1874, also formerly a member of this Church, in her 105th year. From Indian papers to hand, the death is announced of a Parsee lady at the advanced age of a hundred and two. Her mother-in-law is also said to have lived to the patriarchal age of one hundred and ten.

SOME people plead for obedience to voices within or to voices above for strange deeds or strange professions. We have just read an account of a murder committed in India by a woman who has confessed her guilt to the magistrate, saying that she acted in accordance with the voice she heard from above. We all need to verify with common sense and reason, and the well-known laws of God, our actions.

WE learn that the remains of a balloon have just been found on the coast of Iceland. In the car were some human bones, forming an incomplete skeleton, and a leather travelling bag in a very bad condition, containing papers so deteriorated by wet that the writing could not be deciphered. A conjecture is formed that this is the balloon in which Price ascended during the siege of Paris, being the only one that was not accounted for.

WE never subscribed to any sentiment more heartily than to the words of a Presbyterian divine, who said, in the course of a sermon delivered a week or two ago, "Christ's religion began as one of character rather than as one of opinion. It is not at all probable that by belief Christ implied any such acceptance or espousal of articles as is demanded by religionists in modern times."

It is sometimes said there is nothing new under the sun. We often experience this in reference to beautiful sayings. As illustrating this, Sterne's apothegm, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," printed in 1768, is traced to Herbert, 1640: "To the shorn sheep God gives wind in measure," which is a close translation from Henry Estienne, 1594, "God measures the wind to the shorn sheep."

HARD-EARNED WAGES.—An artist employed in repairing the properties of an old church in Belgium, being refused payment in a lump, was asked for details, and sent in his bill as follows:—

Corrected the Ten Commandments ...	5 12
Embellished Pontius Pilate, and put a new ribbon in his bonnet ...	3 02
Put a new tail on the cock of St. Peter, and mended his comb ...	3 20
Replumed and gilded the left wing of the Guardian Angel ...	4 18
Washed the servant of the High Priest, and put carmine on his cheek ...	5 12
Renewed heaven, adjusted two stars, and cleaned the moon ...	7 14
Reanimated the flames of Purgatory, and restored souls ...	3 06
Revived the flames of hell, put a new tail on the Devil, mended his left hoof, and did several jobs for the damned ...	7 17
Rebordering the robe of Herod, and readjusting his wig ...	4 00
Put new spotted dashes on the Son of Tobias, and dressing on his sack ...	2 00
Cleaned the ears of Balaam's ass, and shod him ...	3 02
Put earrings in the ears of Sarah ...	2 04
Put a new stone in David's sling, enlarged the head of Goliath, and extended his legs ...	3 02
Decorated Noah's ark ...	3 00
Mended the shirt of the Prodigal Son, and cleaned his face ...	4 00
Total ...	Francs 59 09

This reminds us of Bishop Horne's good story that the churchwardens of Cirencester once had a bill sent in by their carpenter for "Improving the Creed, altering the Commandments, and making a new Lord's Prayer."

A WRITER gives an excellent hint to preachers that great care should be taken to be very exactly truthful in pulpit ministrations. A great gun of a popular body, in one of his sermons, said, "A striking illustration just comes to my mind," which was very telling; but a friend of mine, a physician, happened to hear the preacher deliver the same discourse again, when the same apt illustration just came to his mind at the same place in the sermon. My friend got into the way of sceptical suspicions that injured him for years, and made him sadly doubtful of pulpit integrity.

BOOK BACKS.—Charles Dickens wrote, in 1851, to Mr. Eeles, the bookbinder, about some false book backs which he wished to fill some places in his study at Tavistock House. The list of titles, which is in the novelist's handwriting, is as follows:—

Five Minutes in China (2 vols.).
Forty Winks at the Pyramids (2 vols.).
Mr. Green's Overland Mail.
Abernethy on the Constitution.
Captain Cook's Life of Savage.
A. Carpenter's Bench of Bishops.
Toots's Universal Letter Writer (2 vols.).
Downeaster's Complete Calculator (sic).
History of the Middling Ages (6 vols.).
Jonah's Account of the Whale.
Captain Parry's Virtues of Cold Tar.
Kant's Eminent Humbugs (10 vols.).
The Quarrelly Review (4 vols.).
The Gunpowder Magazine (4 vols.).
Steele. By the author of "Ion."
The Art of Cutting the Teeth.
Malthus's Nursery Songs (2 vols.).
Paxton's Bloomers (3 vols.).
On the Use of Mercury by the Ancient Poets.
Drowsy's Recollections of Nothing (3 vols.).
Heavyside's Conversations with Nobody (3 vols.).
Commonplace Book of the Oldest Inhabitant (2 vols.).
Growler's Gruffology, with Appendix (4 vols.).
The Books of Moses and Sons (2 vols.).
Burke (of Edinburgh) on the Sublime and Beautiful.
Teazer's Commentaries.
King Henry the Eighth's Evidences of Christianity (3 vols.).
Miss Biffin on Deportment.
Morrison's Pills' Progress (2 vols.).
Lady Godiva on the Horse.
Munchausen's Modern Miracles (5 vols.).
Richardson's Show of Dramatic Literature (6 vols.).
Hansard's Guide to Refreshing Sleep (as many volumes as are required to fill up).

WE are glad to learn that not only Swiss Catholics, but French Catholics are getting dissatisfied with their Church, and coming over in mass to the Protestant Church; 498 villagers of the province of Puy de Dôme have called a Protestant pastor, and have subscribed money for a school.

At the half-yearly meeting of the Asylum for Fatherless Children, London, "to receive and educate the orphan through the whole period of infancy and childhood on liberal and not exclusive principles," it was stated that the institution, which is situated at Reedham, Surrey, is quite catholic in its character, knowing nothing of the distinctions which divide the religious world. There are now 280 children of both sexes in the asylum, who have been received from all parts of the country.

A WRITER, Wo Chang, in the *Jewish World*, a few weeks ago emphatically declared in favour of parents finding husbands and wives for their children. No longer would he tolerate the inexperienced young men and young women of our country searching out for husbands and wives. His advice must have been taken in Scotland, for we find from a newspaper report that, "in a certain village north of the Grampians, a few Sundays ago, an intimation was made from one of the pulpits somewhat as follows:—Those desiring marriage are to apply to the kirk-session, who will make all the necessary arrangements." It is a pity we are not informed where that kirk session sits, as many a bachelor and spinster might hasten there under the influence of the wisdom of Wo Chang, to have the arrangements made.

It is reported that as Dr. Cumming grows older he grows a wiser, and not a sadder man. The other Sunday he told his people that England is the Tarshish of Prophecy, and that it is destined to be prosperous and powerful to the end of time. This will give an additional value to all securities, and make England the safest of all countries for investments. According to Dr. Cumming, Jonah was on his way to England when superstition threw him overboard, but where the fish got rid of his heavy burden our Scotch divine does not inform us. One thing Dr. Cumming said with which we cordially agree:—"So long as England remained a God-fearing nation, she had nothing to fear." This may be said of any and every nation, for righteousness alone exalteth a nation. To put a nation's greatness on the basis of rectitude is the utterance of morality, requiring not the gift of prophecy.

WE learn from the American papers that a terrible calamity has fallen on the children of Chicago. Scarlet fever and diphtheria are sweeping the children to the grave; the deaths within three months do not fall much short of 8000. The cause is supposed to be imperfect drainage and bad ventilation. We make the following extract from a leading editorial on the subject:—"The city is full of grief—"Rachel mourning for her children because they are not."

WE read last week in a county paper of a Robert Suddick, who was brought before the Castle Eden bench of magistrates. The record against him was that this was the ninety-first time that he had been before a court of law, and that eighty-eight times he had been convicted. Adam was expelled from Eden for the first offence. We think the magistrates of Castle Eden might have done better than allowed the prodigal so great a freedom in our modern paradise. It is, in fact, abominable that so many of those characters are allowed to be at large, after ten, twenty, and more convictions.

OUR asylums and homes for the friendless and the foreigner are the best evidences of a Christian civilisation. May they increase. We found in the annual report of the Dover National Sailors' Home that the heavy gales of last winter brought many destitute crews to this refuge. A curious fact is mentioned with regard to eight distressed sailors who were at the Home on one recent occasion; they were all of different nations, there being a Welshman, an Englishman, a Norwegian, an Austrian, an American, a Russian Fin, a Spaniard, and an Italian. They could not understand each other, but they all knew the signal for breakfast, dinner, and supper. Since the Home was established no less than 452 crews, consisting of 4194 men of various maritime nations, have been welcomed within it.

ONE of the newspaper correspondents recently referred to the industry of the Bulgarian women in the following words:—"One of the most striking things in these villages is the apparently ceaseless industry of the women and girls, every one of whom, whether seated on the door-step, walking in the streets, or going to the fountain with her pails over her shoulder on a yoke like a milkmaid's, always carries a hank of wool tied on a distaff under one arm, and twirls a spindle. In Kazan I walked for twenty minutes without being able to find one—literally one—woman or girl above eight years of age without this accompaniment, and mothers carry their little babies in a sort of bag on their backs, so as to have their hands free to use the spindle."

THE CHILDREN IN THE CLOUDS.

A TRUE STORY.

ONE pleasant afternoon during the comet's appearance ten years ago, an aeronaut, after a prosperous voyage, descended upon a large farm in the neighbourhood of a large market town. He was soon surrounded by a curious group of the farmer's family and labourers, all asking eager questions about the voyage and the management of the balloon. That, secured by an anchor, and a rope in the hands of the aeronaut, its car but a foot or two above the ground, was swaying lazily backward and forward in the evening air. It was a good deal out of wind, and was a sleepy, innocent monster in the eyes of the farmer, who, with its owner's permission, led it up to his house, where, as he said, he could "hitch it" to the fence. But before he thus secured it, his three children, aged respectively ten, eight, and three, begged him to lift them into that big basket, that they might sit on those pretty red cushions. While the attention of the aeronaut was diverted by more curious questioners from a neighbouring farm, this rash farmer raised his darlings, one by one, into the car. Chubby little Johnny proved the ounce too much for the aerial camel, and brought him to the ground; and then unluckily, not the baby, but the eldest of the family, was lifted out. The relief was too great for the monster. The volatile creature's spirits rose at once, he jerked the halter out of the farmer's hand, and with a bound mounted into the air! Vain was the aeronaut's anchor. It caught for a moment in a fence, but it tore away, and was off dangling uselessly after the runaway balloon, which so swiftly and steadily rose that in a few minutes those two little white faces peering over the edge of the car grew indistinct, and those piteous cries of "Papa!" "Mamma!" grew fainter and higher in the air.

When distance and twilight mists had swallowed up voices and faces, and nothing could be seen but that dark, cruel shape, sailing triumphantly away with its precious booty, like an aerial privateer, the poor farmer sank down

helpless and speechless; but the mother, frantic with grief, still stretched her yearning arms towards the heavens, and called wildly up into the unanswering void.

The aeronaut tried to console the wretched parents with assurances that the balloon would descend within thirty miles of the town, and that all might be well with the children, provided it did not come down in deep water or in woods. In the event of its descending in a favourable spot, there was but one danger to be apprehended; he thought that the elder child might step out, leaving the younger in the balloon. Then it might again rise and continue its voyage.

"Ah, no," replied the mother, "Jennie would never stir from the car without Johnny in her arms!"

The balloon passed directly over the market town, and the children, seeing many people in the streets, stretched out their heads and called loudly for help. But the villagers, though they saw the bright little heads, heard no call.

When the sunlight all went away, and the great comet came blazing out, little Johnny was apprehensive that the comet might come too near the airy craft, and set it on fire with a whisk of its dreadful tail. But when his sister assured him that the fiery dragon was as much as twenty miles away, and that God wouldn't let him hurt them, he was tranquilised, but soon afterwards said, "I wish he would come a little nearer, so I could warm myself—I am so cold!"

Then Jennie took off her apron and wrapped it about the child, saying tenderly:

"This is all sister has to make you warm, darling, but she'll hug you close in her arms, and we will say our prayers, and you shall go to sleep."

"Why, how can I say my prayers before I have my supper?" asked little Johnny.

"Sister hasn't any supper for you or herself, but we must pray all the harder," solemnly responded Jennie.

So the two baby wanderers, alone in the wide heavens, unawed by darkness, immensity, and silence, by the presence of the great comet, and the millions of

unpitying stars, lifted their little clasped hands and sobbed out their sorrowful "Our Father," and then that quaint little supplementary prayer :

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"There ! God heard that easy ; for we are close to Him up here," said the innocent little Johnny.

Doubtless Divine Love stooped to the little ones, and folded them in perfect peace, for soon the younger, sitting on the bottom of the car, with his head leaning against his sister's knee, slept as soundly as though he were lying in his own little bed at home ; while the elder watched quietly through the long, long hours, and the car floated gently on the still night air till it began to sway and rock on the fresh morning wind.

At length a happy providence guided the little girl's wandering hand to a cord connected with the valve ; something told her to pull it. At once the balloon began to sink, slowly and gently, as though let down by gentle hands, or as though some celestial pilot guided it through the wild currents of air, not letting it drop into lakes or rivers, leafy wood, or impenetrable swamp, where this strange, unchild-like experience might have closed by a death of unspeakable horror ; but causing it to descend as softly as a bird alights, on a spot where care and human pity awaited it.

The sun had not yet risen, but the morning twilight had come, when the little girl, looking over the edge of the car, saw the dear old earth, coming nearer—"rising toward them," she said. But when the car stopped, to her great disappointment, it was not on the ground, but caught fast in the topmost branch of a tree. Yet she saw they were near a house whence help might soon come, so she awakened her brother, and told him the good news, and together they watched and waited for deliverance, hugging each other for joy and warmth ; for they were very cold.

Farmer Buxton, who lived in a lonely house on the edge of his own private

farm, was a famous sleeper in general, but on this particular occasion he awoke before the dawn, and though he turned and turned again, he could sleep no more. So at last he awoke his wife, and said, "It's no use ; I'll just get up and dress, and have a look at the comet."

The next she heard was a frightened summons to the door. It seems that no sooner did he step from the house than his eyes fell on a strange shape hanging on a large pear tree about twenty yards distant. He could see in it no likeness to anything earthly, and he half fancied it might be the comet, who, having put out his light, had come down there to perch. In his flight and perplexity, he did what every wise man would do in a like extremity ; he called on his valiant wife. Re-inforced by her he drew near the tree, cautiously reconnoitring. Surely, never pear tree bore such fruit ! Suddenly there descended from the thing a plaintive, trembling little voice, "Please take us down. We are very cold."

Then a second little voice, "And hungry, too. Please take us down !"

"Why, who are you ? And what are you ?"

The first little voice said, "We are Mrs. Harwood's little boy and girl, and we are lost in a balloon."

The second little voice said, "It's us, and we runned away in a balloon. Please take us down."

Dimly comprehending the situation, the farmer, getting hold of a dangling rope, succeeded in pulling down the balloon. He first lifted out little Johnny, who ran rapidly towards the house, then turned around, and stood for a few moments curiously surveying the balloon. The faithful little sister was so chilled and exhausted that she had to be carried into the house, where, trembling and sobbing, she told her wonderful story. Before sunrise a mounted messenger was despatched to the Harwood home with glad tidings of great joy. He reached it in the afternoon, and a few days later the children themselves arrived in state, with banners, and conveyed in a covered hay wagon and four. Joy bells were rung in the neighbouring

town, and in the farmer's brown house the happiest family on the continent thanked God that night.—*All the Year Round.*

HOW MOTHER'S BABY CAME.

THE Lady Moon came down last night—

She did, you needn't doubt it—

A lovely lady dressed in white ;

I'll tell you all about it.

They hurried Ben and me to bed ;

Aunt Agnes said, "Now, maybe,

That pretty moon up over head

Will bring us down a baby."

"You lie as quiet as can be ;

Perhaps you'll catch her peeping

Between the window bars to see

If all the folks are sleeping ;

And then, if both of you keep still,

And all the room is shady,

She'll float across the window-sill,

A pretty white moon-lady.

"Across the sill, along the floor,

You'll see her shining brightly,

Until she comes to mother's door,

And then she'll vanish lightly.

And in the morning you will find,

If nothing happens, maybe,

She's left us something nice behind,

A beautiful star-baby."

We didn't just believe her then ;

For aunty's always chaffing,

The tales she tells to me and Ben

Would make you die with laughing ;

And when she went out pretty soon,

Ben said, "That's aunty's humming ;

There ain't a bit of lady moon,

Nor any baby coming."

I thought myself it was a fib,

And yet I wasn't certain ;

So I kept quiet in the crib,

And peeped behind the curtain.

I didn't mean to sleep a wink,

But all without a warning,

I dropped right off—and what d'you think,

I never waked till morning.

There stood aunt Agnes by my bed,

And when I climbed and kissed her,

She laughed and said, "You sleepy head,

You've got a little sister !

What made you shut your eyes so soon ?

I've half a mind to scold you ;

For down she came, that lady moon,

Exactly as I told you !"

And truly it was not a joke,

In spite of Ben's denying ;

For just the very time she spoke,

We heard the baby crying.

Away we jumped and made a rush

For mother's room that minute !

But aunty stopped us, crying, "Hush !

Or else you shan't go in it."

And so we had to tiptoe in,

And keep as awful quiet

As if it were a mighty sin

To make a bit of riot.

But there was baby, anyhow,

The funniest little midget !

I just wish you could peep in now

And see her roll and fidget.

Ben says he don't believe it's true,

(He isn't such a gaby)

The moon had anything to do

With bringing us that baby.

But seems to me it's very clear—

As clear as running water—

Last night there was no baby here,

So something *must* have brought her.

A BOY'S LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

A GENTLEMAN advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he in a short time selected one and dismissed the rest. "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation ?" "You are mistaken," answered the gentleman ; "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and replaced it upon the table, while all the rest stepped over it or pushed it aside ; and he waited quietly for his turn instead of crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his face and hands clean. Don't you call these letters of recommendation ? I do ; and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the fine letters he can bring me."

Unconsciously we show our everyday habits. It is not easy to assume fine manners. So, boys, take warning.

INTELLECTUAL ARGUMENT
FOR IMMORTALITY.

BY E. H. CHAPIN, D.D.

THE intellectual argument for future life and immortality for individual men is strong. I think it has on its side the balance of probability. When I say the balance of probability, I do so because, while there is nothing unreasonable, certainly in the idea of a future life, there are some reasons still that stand out against it. It is not proved. Death and the change that comes over humanity are involved in fearful aspects, which give no reassuring sign to help us out. We see the failing life and failing mind; we see the powers grow weak, and the soul becomes obscured. Nature is not always beneficence and order. There is also evil. There are some awful and startling things there. There are some horrible and cruel types in nature that are perfectly appalling. The poet, seeing

"That nature lends such evil dreams,
So careful of the type she seems
So careless of the single life.
... Considering everywhere,
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds,
She often brings but one to bear,"

perceives also that nature is not careful even of the type, for

"No!
From scarped cliff and quarried stone,
She cries, a thousand types we give,
I care for nothing, all shall go."

This is

THE RELENTLESSNESS OF NATURE.

There is no reflection, or sympathy, or spiritual regard. The crushing wall of this inflexible fate narrows around things, and sweeps away all light and all law. But yet the balance of belief is on the side of hope and trust.

It is said by the materialist that there is "nothing in the intellect but has been in the senses." To which one of the noblest philosophers replies, "Yes, nothing but the intellect itself." There is not a man or a woman that can conceive of annihilation; for however much we may believe it, there is some throb of consciousness running through it. Here is this reasoning, expanding, exhaustless, comprehensive being, with a deathless capacity. There

is not a particle in the universe that is not nicely adjusted to its ends. There is no waste. If the intellect of man with its loftiest inspirings, with its splendid visions, with its deathless powers,—if that is quenched in annihilation it is a gigantic exception to all other things.

There, too, is the beautiful analogy of the seed. True, nature brings many seeds not to life, but to death. But the life that is in the seed dies nowhere. There is no such thing as the destruction of the life in the universe any more than the destruction of the substance of matter. The illustration of the fledged butterfly may be more beautiful than convincing, and yet there is something very striking in this beautiful change that takes place. The externals are not essential. It is a transformation out of the husky shroud, out of a dead carcass. Who can tell if man's change is not out of a dead carcass—if it is not a change here?

The strongest argument in the intellectual statement is the argument from the instincts. Every human being has an instinct of God, of something higher. You cannot explain it; you cannot drive it out with your scalpels. So it is with the future life. There is a conception of it. Here is the instinct for it; the hopes, the desires, the aspirations. Here is the perpetual dissatisfaction of man, never completely resting; reaching forward, looking forward, illimitable. I say this argument is a strong one to stand by. If you cannot stand upon anything, stand upon this in spite of logic, in spite of exceptional facts, in spite of this appalling, all-surrounding, crushing materialism.

THE FEELING OF IMMORTALITY

is a mighty argument for immortality. If a man asks me to refer to reason, I answer: Not if the feelings actually contradict reason; but when it supplements reason, when it can be shown that it is a part of reason, I often think feeling is the very core of argument. Notwithstanding the artful dialects of some skilful advocate, although we cannot touch the logical fact, yet we feel the folly of his argument and withhold conviction. This positive instinct gives

force to the argument of reason. As says the poet—shall man

— “who seems so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who rolled the Psalm to mighty skies,
Who built him forms of fruitless prayer ;
Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love creation's final law ;
Though nature, red in tooth and claw
With rapine, shrieked against his creed ;
Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
Who battled for the true, the great,
Be blown about the deadly dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills.”

But argument is not demonstration. Like Mary, we look through our tears and see. But with all these deep yearnings, these internal prophecies, we are in a position to confirm and to be confirmed. The instinct has been met by the Resurrection. That confirmation is an historical fact. The spiritual requirement confirms the fact. This is the peculiarity of Christianity—it confirms the deep yearnings of man, and does not confound reason. Christianity makes its appeal with the risen Saviour, and the human heart, like Mary's heart, feels the deep significance, and responds to it. It appeals to the spiritual nature and that nature responds. Here is a twofold confirmation. The fact confirms the instinct ; the instinct confirms the fact.

SING MORE.

CULTIVATE singing in the family. Begin when the child is not yet three years old. The songs and hymns your childhood sang, bring them all back to your memory and teach them to your little ones ; mix them altogether, to meet the similar moods, as in after life they come over us so mysteriously sometimes. Many a time and oft, in the very whirl of business, in the sunshine and gaiety of Fifth-avenue, and amid the splendour of the drive in Central-park, some little thing wakes up the memories of early youth—the old mill ; the cool spring ; the shady tree by the little school-house—and the next instant we almost see again the ruddy cheeks, the smiling faces, and the merry eyes of school-mates, some gray-headed now, most “lie smouldering in the grave.” And anon, “the song my mother sang” springs unbidden to the lips, and sooths and sweetens all these memories.

THE BELIEF IN A FUTURE LIFE AMONG UNCIVILISED RACES.

It is a most significant fact, full of interest and deep meaning, that a belief in the future life is very general, nay, almost universal, even amongst the lowest races. Of this we see frequent proof in the custom of killing wives and slaves to go with the dead warrior, in order that their souls may accompany his, and still minister to him as they have done in life ; and very frequently there is no reluctance on the part of the victim, so strong is the faith in the other life.

As savages consider animals to have souls, they also are frequently sacrificed. The Arabs sometimes kill a camel for the spirit to ride on, whilst among a Northern tribe a dog is buried in a child's grave to lead it to the land of souls. The remains of the custom of sacrificing the war-horse is seen now, when at a soldier's funeral his horse is led after the coffin.

And not only are human beings and animals buried with the dead, but things also. An Indian tribe used to bury a musket, war-club, and paint, with the deceased warrior, and at the grave a public address was made to the body on his future path. Among a tribe in North Europe the dead man starts fully equipped with needle and thread, soap, brandy, and a coin (reminding us of the Greek custom of putting a coin in the mouth to pay Charon for taking the deceased across the Styx) ; while a toy is buried in a child's grave, perhaps to amuse it on the way.

Sometimes a soul is said to return and reproach its relatives with having left it in distress, and often means are taken to drive away the souls which are supposed to hover round. Do we not see much the same feeling among ignorant people who believe in the power of the dead to haunt those who have offended them in life ?

The same idea of the “spirits” of the dead returning to earth is shown in the Feasts of the Dead, when they are supposed to return and receive the presents offered. In Cochin-China the common people object to holding their feast on the same day as the upper classes, in

case the aristocratic souls should make the servant souls carry home their presents!

Among some tribes, not only is there a yearly sacrifice, but when anything special happens a slave is killed, and despatched to carry the news to the deceased chief.

The soul is often depicted as mortal and liable to injury while journeying to spirit land. Where is the land of the dead? How constantly recurs this same question, which has at all times agitated the souls of men! Sometimes it is believed to be in the sky, the sun, or moon, sometimes in the under-world, or a far-away spot on earth, as the "Islands of the Blest," believed to be a distant land in the Far West. The Greenlanders pitied poor souls who must pass in winter or storm the mountain where the dead descend to the other world, for they might come to harm and die the other death. The Fijians tell of a fight the soul must wage, but lifeless souls cannot escape, and vainly try at low water to creep round the rocks where the destroyer sits and laughs, till the rising flood drives them to the beach, where they are dashed to pieces.

There is an ancient legend that Britain is the land of Death. The villagers along the opposite coast had by turns to stay at home at night to transport souls; they must listen till they heard a knocking and the voice of one unseen. Compelled by an unknown power, they went down to the beach and saw boats, not their own. Getting in, the empty boat was weighed down by the burden of souls, and on arriving at the shore it became light. No one was seen, but a voice proclaimed the rank and parentage of each passenger.

The above instances have been collected from the works of Dr. Taylor and Professor Max Müller. Numerous others might be added, all proving how universal in the soul of man is the instinct of immortality. There seem to be two general ideas of the other world—one, that it is much like this, and that the soul is still mortal and liable to injury; the other, that we shall be judged on leaving earth, and rewarded or punished according to our

deeds. The former is seen among the lowest savages, the latter develops with the civilisation of the race. Among the ancient Egyptians it was very prominent. As a race becomes higher, the thought of the Future Life takes a larger and larger place, and becomes at last the motive of life. M.^r.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Yes, dear, I know it's very
To be misunderstood—

To have our failings clearly seen,
And what we mean for good
Appear instead an evil thing,
Seen through another's mood.

I know that when the soul's elate,
Upborne by heavenly wings
Of some exceeding happiness,
And all our spirit sings,
It's difficult to turn aside,
And talk of other things.

To hold the cravings of the soul
Fast locked within the breast;
To feel but half of us is known,
And none safe for the rest;
Nay, even that they see the worst,
And will not have the best.

And if we speak of what we feel—
Our secret joy or woe—
To see that no one understands,
Or even cares to know.
Yes, dear, I know it's very hard—
I used to feel it so.

Until a thought came unto me,
And then I ceased to grieve:
Do we not ask somewhat too much
Of those with whom we live?
We claim so much of sympathy,
And yet neglect to give.

How truly Jesus might have said
He was misunderstood,
When, e'en by those who followed him
His words were misconstrued;
And some reviled and scorned him, though
He only sought their good.

Did he complain of dreariness,
Of being so alone?
Of cold, unsympathising looks,
And harsh, and jarring tone?
Too occupied with others' woes,
He heeded not his own.

And so the ending of my pain
Came with this thought to me,
And tuned my spirit once again
To perfect harmony.
"Let not another feel the want
Of sympathy in thee."

M. R.

AGAINST INCONSISTENCY IN OUR EXPECTATIONS.

"WHAT is more reasonable than that they who take pains for anything should get most in that particular for which they take pains? They have taken pains for power, you for right principles; see whether they have the advantage of you in that for which you have taken pains, and which they neglect. If they are in power, and you not, why will not you speak the truth to yourself, that you do nothing for the sake of power, but that they do everything? No, but since I take care to have right principles, it is more reasonable that I should have power. Yes, in respect to what you take care about, your principles. But give up to others the things in which they have taken more care than you. Else it is just as if, because you have right principles, you should think it fit that when you shoot an arrow, you should hit the mark better than an archer, or that you should forge better than a smith."—*Carter's Epictetus.*

As most of the unhappiness in the world arises rather from disappointed desires than from positive evils, it is of the utmost consequence to attain just notions of the law and order of the universe, that we may not vex ourselves with fruitless wishes, or give way to groundless and unreasonable discontent. The laws of natural philosophy, indeed, are tolerably understood and attended to; and though we may suffer inconveniences, we are seldom disappointed in consequence of them. No man expects to preserve orange trees in the open air through an English winter, or when he has planted an acorn, to see it become a large oak in a few months. The mind of man naturally yields to necessity; and our wishes soon subside when we see the impossibility of their being gratified.

Now, upon an accurate inspection, we shall find, in the moral government of the world, and the order of the intellectual system, laws as determinate, fixed, and invariable, as any in Newton's "Principia." The progress of vegetation is not more certain than the growth of habit; nor is the power of attraction more clearly proved than the

force of affection or the influence of example.

The man, therefore, who has well studied the operations of nature in mind as well as matter, will acquire a certain moderation and equity in his claims upon Providence. He will act with precision and expect that effect, and that alone, from his efforts which they are adapted to produce.

For want of this, men of merit and integrity often censure the dispositions of Providence, for suffering characters they despise to run away with advantages which they know are purchased by such means as a noble spirit could never submit to. If you refuse to pay the price, why expect the purchase?

We should consider this world as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities—riches, ease, fame, integrity, knowledge. Everything is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, is so much ready money which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, choose, reject, but stand to your own judgment; and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase.

Such is the force of well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success.

Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrificing everything else to? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings by toil and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expense and profit. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure. You must shut your heart against the Muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain household truths. In short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments; but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside either to the right-hand or to the left. "But I cannot submit to a drudgery like this. I feel a spirit above it." 'Tis well: be above it then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of price? That too may be purchased, by steady application, and long solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these and you shall be wise. "But," says the man of letters, "what a hardship is it that many an illiterate fellow who cannot construe the motto of the arms on his coach, shall raise a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life?" Was it in order to raise a fortune that you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and retirement? Was it to be rich that you distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman spring? You have then mistaken your path and ill-employed your industry. "What reward have I, then, for all my labours?" What reward? A large, comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fears and perturbations, and prejudices; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man—of God. A rich, flourishing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflections. A perpetual spring of fresh ideas, and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence.

"But is it not some reproach upon the economy of Providence that such a one, who is a mean, dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation?" Not in the least. He made himself a mean dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty for it; and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head and blush in his presence, because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, I have not these things, it is true; but it is because I have not sought, because I have not desired them; it is because I possess something better. I have chosen my lot. I am content and satisfied.

You are a modest man. You love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reserve in your temper which renders it impossible for you to elbow your way in the world, and be the herald of your own merit. Be content then with a modest retirement, with the esteem of your intimate

friends, with the praises of a blameless heart, and a delicate, ingenuous spirit; but resign the splendid distinctions of the world to those who can better scramble for them.

The man whose tender sensibility of conscience and strict regard to the rules of morality make him scrupulous and fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the disadvantage he lies under in every path of honour and profit. "Could I but get over some nice points, and conform to the practice and opinions of those about me, I might stand as fair a chance as others for dignities and preferment." And why can you not? What hinders you from discarding this troublesome scrupulosity of yours which stands so grievously in your way? If it be a small thing to enjoy a healthful mind, sound at the very core, that does not shrink from the earnest inspection; inward freedom from remorse and perturbation; unsullied whiteness and simplicity of manners; a genuine integrity,

"Pure in the last recesses of the mind;" if you think these advantages an inadequate recompense for what you resign, dismiss your scruples this instant, and be a slave-merchant, a parasite, or what you please.

"If these be motives weak, break off betimes;" and as you have not spirit to assert the dignity of virtue, be wise enough not to forego the emoluments of vice.

I much admire the spirit of the ancient philosophers, in that they never attempted, as our moralists often do, to lower the tone of philosophy, and make it consistent with all the indulgences of indolence and sensuality. They never thought of having the bulk of mankind for their disciples, but kept themselves as distinct as possible from a worldly life. They plainly told men what sacrifices were required, and what advantages they were which might be expected. If you would be a philosopher, these are the terms. You must do thus and thus; there is no other way. If not, go and be one of the vulgar.

There is a pretty passage in one of Lucian's dialogues, where Jupiter com-

plains to Cupid that he was never sincerely beloved. "In order to be loved," says Cupid, "you must lay aside your ægis and your thunder-bolt, and you must curl and perfume your hair, and place a garland on your head, and walk with soft steps, and assume a winning, obsequious deportment." "But," replied Jupiter, "I am not willing to resign so much of my dignity." "Then," returns Cupid, "leave off desiring to be loved."

He wanted to be Jupiter and Adonis at the same time.—MRS. BARBAULD.

THE BIBLE.

MANY are disposed to treat the Bible as a book of little account, and some repudiate it altogether, and say its teachings are beneath the serious attention of any well-informed mind. But the longer we live and the more we study its pages, the better we are convinced of the truth of the following:—

"The Bible is the greatest of all books. A writer has truly said of it: It is the most wonderful history of strange events, of heroic deeds; a complete code of laws; a perfect body of divinity; a book of lives; a book of travels; a book of voyages. It is the best covenant ever agreed on; the best deed ever sealed; the best will ever made; the best Testament ever signed. But the Bible is most important to us because it tells of God our Father, and of His great love to man, of our duty here, and of the blessed life beyond the grave. The Bible tells us what we are. It is 'a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.' We can never have a better friend or counsellor than the Bible. It will never flatter us, nor lead us astray; but always show us what we need, and how we may be made better and holier, more like God, and Christ, and the blessed ones of heaven. Some sweet poet has written of the Bible:—

'Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false I've found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.

'The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.'

TEKEL.

"THOU are weighed in the balance," words which bear an evident allusion to a custom in the East, of remote antiquity, and that may possibly still exist in some countries; where, as we are informed, the monarch is every year weighed in the presence of his courtiers, and it is considered a good omen if he has increased in substance since the preceding anniversary. Thus was Belshazzar supposed to have been put into the scales, but there was a decrease in the weight—he was found wanting: of evil augury to himself and his kingdom.

We have, thus, great energy and liveliness given to the sacred narrative and a key afforded to the whole; and surely nothing can be imagined more deeply and awfully interesting than the account handed down of the various proceedings of the memorable night in which a feast was made to a thousand lords of Babylon with the king at their head. Nothing of this mighty sovereign had previously been told, yet here we have him fully portrayed, and we cannot mistake his character or purposes. Belshazzar stands before us completely revealed—the haughty, profane, and sensual monarch of a hundred states, surrounded by his satraps, the willing instruments of his tyranny too happy in being permitted to execute his worst commands, or if they could anticipate his absurdest desires. The Assyrian court, in its most unfavourable aspect, is here faithfully exhibited. It is a picture—a dark, but terribly true picture of the things done by those in power in the times of gross ignorance and consequent depravity. The king is not satisfied with drunken libations to the gods of his idolatry, the senseless images of gold and silver on the lofty pedestals around, but in a spirit of the most daring impiety, defying with insolent pride and scornful gesture the God of heaven and earth, he commands the holy vessels of the Temple to be brought into the riotous assembly, with banter, with noise, with tumult, that the insult might be complete. And now the scene suddenly changes, consternation takes the place

of unhallowed mirth, and the king, hitherto so jocund, seest that which "stays his hand and checks his pride." On the plaster of the opposite wall he beholds a mysterious hand, and the hand writes words in a strange language, but evidently of a very ominous import. We entirely agree with Charles Lamb, that it was Belshazzar alone of all the company who saw this terrific vision, and that the terror imprinted on his features, and the agitation of his frame, communicated themselves to those around him, they knew not wherefore—just as Macbeth is the only one who sees the ghost of Banquo, though his guests speedily take the alarm. The current of Belshazzar's thoughts is immediately changed, dread succeeds to confidence, anxiety for the future is uppermost in his mind, and in all the agonies of suspense, he calls loudly for the wise men to interpret the words, which bear an aspect so threatening; and so at length Daniel is summoned; he reads and he translates, and he assures the infatuated monarch that the crown has fallen from his head, that his kingdom is numbered, himself weighed and found wanting, and all that he has hitherto possessed is given to the Medes and Persians; the awful conclusion of the whole being that the God in whose hands his breath was, and whose were all his ways, he had not glorified.

But is Tekel a warning to none but Belshazzar? We have it on very high authority, that all things in the sacred volume are written for our learning—for example or for warning, and of warning the history of Belshazzar is full. He was found wanting in most of the great principles that should govern human actions; wanting in piety; in temperance; in self-denial of any kind; in a regard for the common rights of humanity, and in energy of purpose; therefore was the part of the hand sent from Him, the Maker and Lord of the universe, who had been thus insulted and defied, and he still writes Tekel to the dissolute and the insolent, the lovers of guilty pleasure, and to those who sit in the seat of the scorner. The King of Babylon was very guilty, inasmuch as he set at

naught the judgments which had passed on his grandfather, Nebuchadnezzar, and thus omitted to humble his heart and to amend his ways; and he lost his honour, his crown, his life. But there are those with still greater advantages than he ever possessed, who yet, in spite of their Christian education, mind not the things belonging to their eternal peace, and thus expose themselves to surer punishment, and against whose names Tekel must be written. There are those who are hard-hearted and tyrannical, and thus abuse whatever power they possess to the lasting injury of their fellow-men; there are the licentious, the proud, the lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; there are the indolent, who waste the golden hours of life, and there are those who fill up these hours in the most sordid pursuits, to lade themselves with thick clay, which they cannot carry beyond the grave; there are the mockers at sacred things, who turn every serious matter into ridicule; there are those who know the truth, but who have not the love of it, who hold it is a matter of indifference, are ashamed of it, who cloke it or deny it altogether, rather than uphold it against all opposition. Perhaps we all want firmer resolution amidst the trials, the buffetings, the snares of temptations in our mortal course; the grand point seems to be to have a purpose through life, a high and ennobling purpose—as Carlyle says: First to know our work and then to do it. There is a heavenly wisdom in numbering our days, and so applying them to wise designs and virtuous deeds, for we have a race set before us, and it becomes us so to run, that we obtain the prize. "No Cross, no Crown," is the title of an excellent book by William Penn. We must be prepared to take up and even to welcome the cross in our way; we must deny ourselves, our selfishness, our indolence, our love of the world, to secure the salvation of the soul. This is the way to make life productive of heroic deeds, to make it pleasing to God, because useful to man.

THERE are, we are told, 7933 total abstainers in and out of the European army in India.

THE OLD DEACON'S LAMENT.

YES, I've been deacon of our church
Nigh on to fifty year,
Walked in the way of dooty, too,
And kep' my conscience clear.
I've watched the children growin' up,
Seen brown locks turnin' gray,
But never saw such doin's yet
As those I've seen to-day.

This church was built by godly men
To glorify the Lord
In seventeen hundred eighty-eight :
Folks couldn't then afford
Carpets and cushings, and sech like—
The seats were jest plain wood,
Too narrer for the sleepy ones ;
In prayer we allus stood.

And when the hymns were given out,
I tell you it was grand
To hear our leader start the tunes
With tunin'-fork in hand !
Then good old "China," "Mear," and all,
Were heard on Sabbath-days,
And men and women, boys and girls,
J'ined in the song of praise.

But that old pulpit was *my* pride—
Jest eight feet from the ground
They'd reared it up—on either side
A narrer stairs went down :
The front and ends were fitly carved
With Scriptor stories all—
Findin' of Moses, Jacob's dream,
And sinful Adam's fall.

Jest room inside to put a cheer,
The Bible on the ledge
(I'll own I *did* get nervous when
He shoved it to the edge).
There, week by week, the parson stood,
The Scriptor to expound ;
There, man and boy, I've sot below,
And not a fault was found.

Of course I've seen great changes made,
And fought agenst 'em, too ;
But first a choir was interdooced,
Then cushins in each pew ;
Next, boughnten carpet for the floor ;
And then, that very year,
We got our new melodeon,
And the big shandyleer.

Well, well ! I tried to keep things straight,
I went to ev'ry meetin'
And voted "No" to all they said,
But found my influ'nce fleetin'.
At last the worst misfortin' fell—
I *must* blame Deacon Brown :
He helped the young folks when they said
The pulpit should come down.

They laughed at all those pious scenes
I'd found so edifyin' ;
Said, "When the parson rose to preach,
He looked a'most like flyin' ;"

Said that "Elijah's chariot
Jest half-way up had tarried ;"
And Deacon Brown sot by and laughed,
And so the p'int was carried.

This was last week. The carpenters
Have nearly made an end—
Excoose my feelin's. Seems to me
As ef I'd lost a friend.
"It made their necks ache, looking up,"
Was what the folks did say ;
More looking up would help us all
In this degin'rate day.
The church won't never seem the same
(I'm half afeard) to *me*,
Under the preachin' of the truth
I've been so used to be.
And now—to see our parson stand
Like any common man,
With jest a railin' round his desk—
I don't believe I can !

—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE SOUL'S BIRTHDAY.

WHEN, beyond death, we come to ourselves, it is likely that nothing will surprise us more than our former dread of death. We shall see we were like children in a dark room, fearing the door that led to the light.

There comes to us here times of emergence into new and higher experience, that typify what death will be. There are many persons who have a life-long desire to see the Alps and glaciers, the historic cities, the great paintings and statues, the places of beauty and association haunt their imagination, such names as London and Paris, Venice and Rome, get a magic sound to their ears. At last, after almost a life-time, the day of good fortune comes.

The lovers grow so into one that life apart from each other is only half life. But circumstances keep them apart for years. But it comes at last—the day of perfect union, of lives made wholly one, never again to be divided !

All this, and more than all this, will death be to us. That day will be our freedom day, the day when we begin to live. Here we are like birds tethered to the ground. We fly a little way upward, and are pulled down again. The best that is in us gets only half ripe. The weak body clogs the soul, a great wall of darkness shuts in all our knowledge. Our best joys end soon or late in loss.

This life may contain a great deal of happiness, and brightness, and present good. But, at its best, it seems like a glorious suggestion of something better than itself. In our best moments here we touch what we cannot hold. We get glimpses, tastes, of something above our common life. In our human affections, in our enjoyments of beauty, in our sense even of bodily vigour, we get surpassing moments that are hardly felt before they are gone. And these are all forebodings of what we shall be when the shell of the chrysalis is broken.

No man who is fit to live need fear to die. Poor, timid, faithless souls that we are. How shall we smile at our alarms when the worst has happened. To us here death is the most terrible word we know. But when we have tasted its reality, it will mean to us birth, deliverance, a new creation of ourselves. As we draw near it a solemn gladness should fill our hearts. It is God's grand moving lighting up the sky. Our fears are the terrors of little children in the night. The night, with its terrors, its fevered dreams, and darkness, is itself passing away.

HALF A YEAR OLD BABY.

BY MADGE ELLIOT.

LAST autumn, when the roses were dead and buried, and the marigolds and lady-slippers and four-o'cloaks were all thinking of dying and being buried too, and the leaves of the trees were dressed in their parting robes of the most beautiful shades of yellow, red, and brown, and the butterflies were saying "Good bye" to each other, and the bees were rejoicing over the golden store of honey they had gathered for the cold, dreary winter, and the birds had begun to sing their farewell songs, the Angel of Light brought to our house a dear little baby.

It seemed as though all the lovely flower-tints that the spring and summer had taken away came back with him.

In his eyes shone the blue of the violets, larkspurs, and blue-bells.

The soft yellow hue of the delicate tea-rose rested on his silken hair. His skin was like the milk-white robe of the lily, and the pale pink of the sweetbriar had stained his tiny mouth, around which hovered a faint smile, like the

very first sunbeam that steals on before the sun to tell us the day is coming.

Well, all through the long winter months the baby has been growing and growing, not heeding the cold, until the other day, behold! he was half a year old!

Six months old! Just to think of it! Part of an autumn, a whole winter. What a very great age for a baby.

And yet he knew nothing at all about old Father Time.

So, after breakfast, on this important morning, I kissed him six times, and one over for good measure, and placing him in his wicker chair, knelt down before him to tell him what would be expected of a baby six months old, and a few of the things he might expect in return.

"Wee-wee," I began (Wee-wee isn't his real name, only a pet one), "I want you to listen to me very at-ten-tive-ly."

"If you get tired you may pull my nose. In fact, you may pull my nose whenever you feel to like it, for serious conversation is a dreadful thing, especially for a baby who hasn't ever seen the very firstest primer yet."

Wee-wee pulled my nose instantly.

"Do you know, little darling," I went on, "that you are half a year old, and that it is high time that you began to play 'bo-peep,' and 'patty-cake,' and 'shake-a-day-day!'"

"All clever six-month babies have these accomplishments. You must begin to learn them directly, sir."

What a pull he gave my nose then. It brought the tears into my eyes, so I changed the subject immediately.

"Wee-wee, the birds are coming back again, and they will sing all their finest songs for you, and the flowers have sent me word that they are going to be sweeter than ever this summer, and all sorts of bright green things will grow out of the brown ground, and the strawberries and cherries and peaches will be here, and all for our Snowdrop, our Lammie, our Dove, our blue-eyed Wee-wee."

How ungrateful babies are!

In return for all my pretty speeches and fine promises, Wee-wee dropped his rattle, looked at me most seriously, took one thoughtful pull at my nose, and said, "Goo!"—*The Methodist*.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

GETTING OVER A DIFFICULTY.—One good lay preacher found difficulty in mouthing the names of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and, when he came to them again, said, naively, "Please, the same three gentlemen as before."

FIVE GENERATIONS IN ONE HOUSE.—A remarkable incident has come to the knowledge of some of the authorities at Lower Gornal, Dudley. For some time five generations have resided in one house, the oldest of whom is 85, next 55, third 30, fourth 17, and the fifth a few weeks old. The whole are females, but some of them are widows.

LENGTH AND DEPTH.—A young man having preached for a bishop, was anxious to get a meed of praise for his labour of love. The bishop, however, did not introduce the subject, and the young brother was obliged to bait the hook for him. "I hope, sir," he said, "I did not weary your people with the length of my sermon?" "No, sir," replied the bishop, "not at all, nor with its depth either."

THE CHILD'S CHOICE.—A clergyman who had been staying for some time at the house of a friend, on going away called to him little Tommy, the four-year-old son of his host, and asked him what he should give him for a present. Tommy, who had a great deal of respect for the "cloth," thought it was his duty to suggest something of a religious nature, so he answered, hesitatingly: "I—I think I should like a Testament, and I know I should like a pop-gun!"

A BRIDE WANTED.—We have the following from an American paper:—A preacher, thirty years of age, who has travelled six years in the Lord's vineyard with an eye single to his glory—well recommended for his faithfulness and truth—desires to marry a lady who has talent and ability to assist the cause, a gift to sing, able to weigh an argument, and some skill in presenting it by talking and writing, and worth 2000 dols. None need apply without reciprocating frankness and sincerity, and giving sufficient guarantee of the above qualities; photograph, age, &c., stating whether settled or unsettled in religious belief. But doctrinal ideas nor perfection will not be the test, though candour, amiability and opportunities, influences and circumstances of past life, will be considered. Also, it will be necessary to give some reason of the hope that is within, and show willingness hereafter to unite whole soul in the work of righteousness, with resignation to the will of God; show a seeking to walk according to his word, and a true desire to know what God requires.

AFFECTED HUMILITY.—The Rev. Jesse Lee, a Methodist, used to tell anecdotes at times as productive of instruction as of levity. He would sometimes refer to a certain Joe Wheaton, a preacher, who was so excessively humble that he would again and again call himself Joe Wheaton, the weakest of all God's creatures. A brother once followed Joe, in the exercises of the meeting, who in his turn, with equal modesty and propriety, solicited the attention of the congregation to the testimony of the weakest of God's creatures, except Joe Wheaton.

A SIMPLE LITTLE FLOWER.—In one of the early comic annuals there are some amusing lines of Hood's describing how a country nurseryman had made a large sum out of the sale of a simple little flower which he sold under the name of the "Rhodum Sidus." This charming name had proved quite an attraction to the ladies, and the flower had become the rage of the season. At length a pertinacious botanist, who found that the flower was a not uncommon weed, insisted on knowing where the nurseryman had got his name from; he elicited the following reply:—

"I found this flower in the road beside us,
So christened it the Rhodum Sidus."

THE ANTHEM.—A cynic, who recently attended a fashionable church, thus describes the singing: "Worship was introduced and the opening piece was a solo, faultlessly rendered by the leading singer, accompanied by the organ: 'Consider the lilies of the field,' and when she came to the application it ran thus: 'And yet I say unto you—that even Solomon in all his glory—was not arrayed—like one of these (introducing the organ—was not arrayed—was not arrayed—(interlude)—like one of these.' And then she went back again and asserted in the most emphatic manner: 'I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory—was not arrayed—(pause) until I began to despair lest poor Solomon would never get his garments on!'"

THE following are the terms for supplying the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN:—

	a.	d.
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